"The World Was All Before Them."

They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged the fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.
—Milton, "Paradise Lost," the End.

Failure of Justice

The disbanding of the Deep Gulch Vigilant Committeee, after a short and inglorious career, was due partly to general circumstances, but more particularly to the treachery and lack of civic pride in the institutions of the camp displayed by Ike Stanton, whom the committee had marked for its first victim.

Even before the day when Ike "broke loose" there had been a growing feeling that the camp was too strenuous in its mode of life and that frequent and unprovoked gun-plays were driving away all would-be investors. Ike's behavior strengthened this feeling. He had been too free in the use of his revolver even for Deep Gulch Camp, where the etiquette on this subject could scracely be called right. His performance on the day in question had culminated in forcing a staid Eastern tourist, who had strayed into the camp by some mischance, to dance a cancan on top of the bar, while Ike, by numerous and well-aimed shots, tried to cut off the rim of the silk hat which had excited his ire. Ordinarily, the camp would have looked on this proceedings as a simple and harmless jest. But after the tourist had shaken the dust of the camp from his feet it developed that he had visited the camp with the intention of buying a mine. Then the wrath of the camp bubbled over.

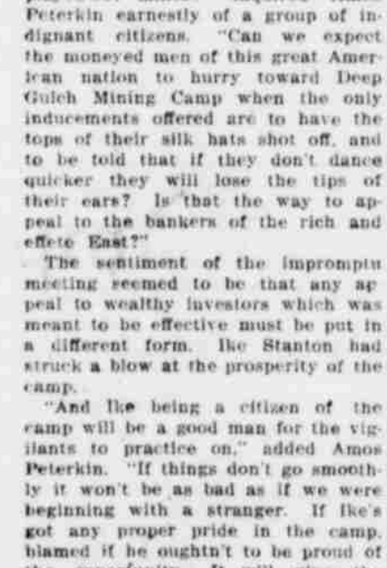
"Is that the way to treat a man looking to sink good money in our played-out mines?" inquired Amos Peterkin earnestly of a group of indignant citizens. "Can we expect the moneyed men of this great American nation to hurry toward Deep Gulch Mining Camp when the only inducements offered are to have the tops of their silk hats shot off, and to be told that if they don't dance quicker they will lose the tips of their ears? Is that the way to appeal to the bankers of the rich and effete East?"

The sentiment of the impromptu meeting seemed to be that any appeal to wealthy investors which was meant to be effective must be put in a different form. Ike Stanton had struck a blow at the prosperity of the camp.

"And Ike being a citizen of the camp will be a good man for the vigilants to practice on," added Amos Peterkin. "If things don't go smoothly it won't be as bad as if we were beginning with a stranger. If Ike's got any proper pride in the camp, blamed if he oughtn't to be proud of the opportunity. It will give the vigilants a chance to get sort of letter perfect, as that actor chap used to say."

But Ike Stanton evidently was lacking in proper pride in the camp and its institutions. The situation didn't seem to appeal to him in the least.

"Want me for a blamed amateur vigilance committee to practice on!" he fairly roared, bristling with righteous wrath. "Going to use one of the oldest and most respected residents of the camp when they had an extra tourist, who wouldn't have been missed and would have just filled the bill? Well, that's too much for me. I'm going to resign as a citizen of this camp and throw in my lot with them Big Snake River fellows."



A chance shot from a rifle brought down his horse.

But when a gentleman has been selected as proper material for practice by even an amateur vigilance committee it behooves him to change his place of residence as quickly as may be. Ike Stanton, overcome by his emotions at having been selected for practice purposes, dallied too long, attempting to drown his sorrows and express his indignation. The result was that the vigilance committee was organized and on his trail when he was barely clear of the camp. Ike urged his horse to greater speed. So did the vigilants. Then a chance shot from a rifle brought down his horse. Ike knew the game was up and philosophically seated himself by the roadside to await the arrival of the committee. He realized that further efforts to escape would only mean a shower of well-aimed bullets.

"Very brave about drawing a gun on a man whose hands are tied!" sneered Ike.

When the vigilants reached him the list of his offenses, beginning with the time he held up a crowd in a gambling house and ending with the misplaced gayety which had driven an investor with money from the camp, was recited. The unanimous sentiment of the committee was that hanging was the only thing which would square Ike Stanton's account with the outraged properties of Deep Gulch Camp. Ike's arms were bound and he was led to a near-by tree. There a rope was prepared. Up to this time Ike had watched proceedings with languid contempt. Now his scorn bubbled over.

"I don't mind the boys stringing me up," he said in deep disdain and looking straight at Amos Peterkin, "but I do object to having these last sad formalities conducted under the leadership of a derned Eastern tenderfoot mud turtle."

Had Ike simply sworn at Amos or abused him in ordinary Western parlance, that worthy would have passed over his remarks in silent contempt. A man about to be lynched has special privileges of speech. But to be called a "derned Eastern tenderfoot mud turtle!" That was enough to jar the sensibilities of the best-natured leader of a vigilance committee. Amos drew his revolver.

"Very brave about draving a gun on a man whose hands are tied," sneered Ike, again repeating his remarks apropos of tenderfoot mud turtles. "But if these ropes were off and you stood up in front of me I'd change your ugly face, so that even the mud turtles would be ashamed of you."

Amos promptly signified his willingness to accept this challenge. Ike was untied. But he still was unsatisfied.

"If this thing is going to be done at all," he said earnestly, "for the reputation of the camp I want it done right. It's the first prizefight and the first—lynching. With me any little breaks don't matter. But you want the details right so that if you try it on a stranger you won't make a laughing stock of the camp."

Under the direction of Ike the arrangements demanded by strict etiquette were made. A ring was cleared, seconds chosen, a timekeeper selected. The members of the vigilance committee beamed with approval of Ike's proper spirit as they worked. Here was a man whom it was a pleasure and a honor to hang, a man who had the credit of the camp at heart and would spare no pains to make the affair a success. There was no thought of treachery.

But suddenly, while the members of the committee were occupied with arrangements for the coming fistic contest, Ike sprang to one side and seized a pair of revolvers which had been laid aside by a busy vigilant. Before the rest realized what had happened he had the crowd covered. Then came the command to "Put up hands!" One man was just a little slow. A bullet shattered his arm. That ended unnecessary delays by the rest.

Holding the committee under cover of his revolvers Ike Stanton marched them to a considerable distance from their horses. Then he barked up to the horses, picked out the fleetest one, and a second later was fleeing over the hills. The vigilance committee then rushed for their mounts, but the start gained by the treacherous Ike was too great to be overcome.

"And there was a man," said Amos Peterkin bitterly after the return to camp, "whom we'd always given the best treatment and were preparing to send off in good style. And look at the way he played it on the boys. Treacherous! Why, a rattlesnake is an open-hearted, Christian gentleman compared with that Ike Stanton."—Edwin J. Webster in New York Times.

GOOD FRIDAY IN PARIS.

When Meat is Difficult to Get in the French Capital.

The son of a French friend of mine, a boy nine years of age, when asked by his tutor how Good Friday (Holy Friday the French call it) differed from other days, distinguished himself by the epigrammatic answer, "On Good Friday there is less butcher's meat in Paris and many more Englishmen." The boy described the difference exactly from a Paris point of view. To-day is the one day in all the 365 on which the Paris butcher closes his shop and takes a holiday, and meat is extremely difficult to get in Paris, except in restaurants, where, of course, a small supply has been laid in for customers who are not Roman Catholics, or who do not practice abstinence from meat, even upon this one day. In Paris, where extremes of opinion of all kinds have always met, the freethinker appears in his most self-assertive form to-day. There are a number of freethinking clubs in Paris, all of which meet in great solemnity this evening, to "protest against the tenets of all churches," to eat sausages, ham, pork, and every form of pig's flesh they can think of, and to drink at intervals toasts to "the downfall of religion." These Good Friday festivals of Paris freethinkers are very harmless.—Paris Correspondence of London Pall Mall Gazette.

Penelope.

She walks demurely through the town
When April days are sweet;
The sun shines on her lilac gown
And dances at her feet.
And every blossom on the way
Has cunning eyes to see
How well she matches with the day,
This fair Penelope.

I watch her from my window ledge
I dog her where she goes
Yet loiter bashful at the hedge
Despite my Sabbath hose.
For, ah! she flouts me high and low—
The town folk laugh in glee—
Sure, lass, thy heart in mail should go,
And not in dimity.

I see her on the deacon's walks
Through box-lined pathways go;
She strolls among the hollyhocks
That blossom row on row.
All crimson-clad, they flaunt and swell
Above her furbelows,
As might about some city belle
A galaxy of beaus.

She heedeth not my sighs or rhymes;
My life is out of tune;
What care I for the Easter chimes,
The white Lent-lilies' bloom?
Ah, prithee, sweet, next Eastertide
I may walk forth with thee;
Just thou and I, and Love beside—
A goodly company.
—Theodosia Pickering Garrison in Life.

Looked Like a "Cinch."

As he worked his way up a long line to the window of the paying teller a porter with a leather bag stood immediately in front of him and passed in a check for $2,000.

"How will you have it?" inquired the teller.

"Five hundred in tens, seven hundred and fifty in fives, five hundred in twos, two hundred in ones, and fifty in silver."

The packages of bills and rolls of silver were promptly passed out and deposited and locked in the bag, which hung from the neck of the porter by a chain, when a messenger boy, with bulging eyes, exclaimed:

"Gee whiz—Mister, do you mind telling me what horses you're goin' to play?"

They Love to Walk.

If I were asked what is the favorite amusement of German children, I should answer, taking long walks into the country. The love of nature seems to be born in most of them, says a writer in St. Nicholas. Besides, they are sturdy young folks, and are perfectly willing to put up with inconveniences. For these reasons they are just the people to enjoy walking in the country, and the practice begun in childhood is kept up during life. When the children go on these long walks they often carry what we should call a botanical box (that is, a tin box about a foot and a half long, with rounded edges, and a lid on hinges), slung over the shoulder by a strap.

Positively Brutal.

Husband—"I wish I knew where I could find a buried treasure."

Wife—"Never mind, dear, I'm your treasure."

Husband—"Yes, but you are not buried."

New Crusade in Glasgow.

Glasgow is pursuing a crusade against flower-sellers in the street.

FINEST PORT IN WORLD IS THAT OF LIVERPOOL

Docks of Stone Extend for Seven Miles—Ships from Every Land Constantly Loading and Unloading in the Spacious Harbors—Many Beautiful Buildings in the City.

(Special Correspondence.)

One of the wonders of the world of today are the docks and wonderful shipping facilities of Liverpool. Aside from London, the chief port of Great Britain and the second city in size in England, it takes precedence over all the other ports, and lately has become of more than usual interest owing to its being the scene of the American invasion into England's shipping circles.

Castle Street and Town Hall.

Liverpool has a peculiarly fine situation on the banks of the river Mersey, three miles distant from the open sea. The river, but a mile in width, directly opposite the city, expands as it goes farther inland, forming a basin about three miles wide. The largest steamers can enter its two channels in perfect safety, so deep is the water. The tide, which is unusually great, has oftentimes a fall of 32 feet at certain seasons of the year. It is this which has necessitated the building of the docks.

Sixty docks flanking the river for a distance of over seven miles, and more building! No other port in the world can show such facilities as this. Each one is like a miniature body of water in itself, surrounded by massive stone walls that cut each off from its neighbor as completely as if they were miles apart. Great gates of iron open and shut to keep out the tide, working on the same principle as the locks of a canal.

The docks cover an area of 388 acres, and there are in all twenty-six miles of quays. The masonry is of the finest workmanship, and rising from the water's edge are great stone warehouses in which are stored the cargoes unloaded from the ships. These docks are many of them in direct communication with the railways, so that the goods may be unloaded from the ships almost into the cars themselves.

The Alexandra dock, which is the largest, has an area of forty-four acres, and it is here that most of the great grain-laden ships from America come. Enormous revolving belts carry the grain, in unloading, under the roadway and into the elevators, which are situated some distance—one or two of them about a quarter of a mile away—from the landing.

Many of these elevators, which are built on the same plan as American elevators, are equipped with American machinery. By means of these great bands and an endless chain of deep buckets the grain is carried in a steady stream from the holds of the ships to the tops of the elevators, from which it is emptied into 50 enormous sacs, each housing nearly 200 tons.

The docks are owned by the city and bring in a revenue of something like $7,500,000 a year—not a bad investment for a municipality. Those of the populace who pay dock dues of £10 per annum may vote at the election of the dock board, who control the docks.

Ships from all over the globe, from Australia, India, China, Ceylon, Japan and America, and sailing vessels from every imaginable port, from the Cape of Good Hope to Alaska, are docked at Liverpool. About 28,000 vessels put into Liverpool annually, and the tonnage of the port aggregates about 25,000,000 tons every year.

The city, not content with its dock holdings, is buying all the land it can get and building still more docks, while several blocks near the landing stage have been undergoing the clearing process ever since early last summer. A part of this cleared tract will be utilized for more dock space, some for the building of new and wider streets; still more of the land will be used for the finest public baths in the world, which will include an enormous Turkish bath, where the people may bathe and swim in first, second and third class pools, according to the state of their respective finances. These baths, which are also owned by the city, promise to be another good investment.

Liverpool itself is a delightful city, reminding one much of American cities in many ways. It has some fine public buildings and business blocks, and, notwithstanding that the most dire poverty in all England is in the district to the north of the city, it has a prosperous air, and a bustle that makes one compare it with New York.

St. George's Hall, which occupies an imposing position near the center of the city, is the finest example of Corinthian architecture in the kingdom, and, some persons say, in all Europe. In it is the great organ, famed as being one of the largest in the world. Twice a week one may pay a sixpence and drop in to the recital, which is held for the benefit of the public. The organ, which has 108 stops and cost $50,000, is worked by a large steam engine in a vault in the basement

Nelson Monument and Exchange.

THE NATURE OF MAN.

How the Mind in Age Reverts to Boyhood Triumphs.

The right kind of a boy doesn't care about being a president or a prime minister when he becomes a man. To be a great fighter or a great ball player covers the remotest ends of his ambition. Then when he is a man and his mind is swinging in its greater orbit, he suddenly finds that he has a heart and a stomach and that his limbs move less swiftly. He is consoled by the reach and agility of his brain. And toward the last, when his work is all done and the few remaining days are spent in looking backward, he sees far beyond the achievements of his manhood; does not regard the impress upon his time which his mind has made, but fondles again the physical successes of his growing years—the running races and the swimming pools! He may have taken a city in his summit days, yet he tells his children's children of the little conquests long ago on the hillside.

WAS PRESSING TOO CLOSE.

Why Human Interrogation Point Was Shut Off.

"Mamma," said the human interrogation point, "who knows the most—teacher or papa?"

"Why, on general topics your father is better informed, Johnny."

"Well, does papa know more than the minister?"

"Of things worldly, yes. Your father, Johnny, is a very well informed man, as I hope you will be some day."

"Does papa know more than you, mamma?"

"Johnny, when will you ever get over the habit of asking a long string of foolish questions? Run away and have your tea at once."

New Fire Extinguisher.

An engineer named Max Eberhardt, gave at Munich a few days ago a demonstration of the effectiveness of a new preparation for extinguishing fires. The preparation is a liquid of milky color. The first experiment showed that the skin when painted with the liquid becomes insensible to heat. Rags saturated with petroleum can be turned upon the hand after it has been immersed in the liquid. Small fires can be extinguished with the hands, and with one pailful of the liquid a fire in a pit of tar was put out in one second. The tar, even after petroleum had been poured over it, could not be again ignited, as the liquid formed a thin, unmeltable crust which completely shut out oxygen.—Consular report.

The West a Condition.

The West, somehow, has come to be a condition rather than a place. After days in a luxurious train the casual observer finds himself in the cities of the Pacific with the feeling that here are not the differences, the strangeness, the Westernness that he had expected. The real West which he has pictured so fondly—the free, the hearty, the fascinating—seems in some degree to have escaped him. And presently he discovers that the condition which we call Western is singularly misplaced in the West; that the most western of American cities is not Portland or Seattle, but Butte City, 600 miles to the east of the coast.—Ray Stannard Baker in April Century.

Wanted Mule Power.

In Venezuela many years ago a wealthy agriculturist was appointed minister of marine. Being a hard worker, he asked at once for particulars of the fleet. The secretary brought him particulars about the only warship. The details gave length, tonnage and horse power. At this last the minister stopped the secretary and bade him write down an order to the chief of customs, "Take out these 120 horses at once and I will send you good mules in their places," explaining that mules were much more economical both as regards food and ability to withstand fatigue.

"Real Indian."

A young woman recently received instruction in the art of Indian basketry, and had made several copies of Indian baskets of which she was very proud. A friend, who had been living in Arizona, called upon the young woman, who showed the baskets with considerable pride. "They are really very well done," commented the visitor, "but of course they are not the real Indian baskets." "Why, Mrs. Sawyer," indignantly exclaimed the maker, "how can you say that, when I just told you that I made them myself?"

Many Races in Caucasia.

The 10,000,000 inhabitants of Caucasia are made up of the remnants of many ancient nomadic tribes. According to Russian statistics only 2,500,000 are Russians, 1,000,000 are Armenians, 1,500,000 Tartars and Georgians, while the rest are principally Mohammedan tribes. It is asserted that there are thirty different languages and dialects spoken in Caucasia.

Length of Animals' Lives.

Animals vary greatly in the length of their lives. Elephants, eagles and parrots may celebrate their hundredth birthday, but our domesticated beasts are thought to be aged when they have reached a quarter of a hundred. A horse is old at 20, a donkey at 25 and a rat or dog at 15. The span of existence allotted to insects is shorter still, the fly and the butterfly commonly enjoying but one summer of vigorous life, and then being taken off by the cold, if the are not previously snapped up by a bird.